

"The Wrong Hills" to Marina Tsvetaeva

Your life a mirror walking down a street
So many myths,so many truths
Above it all a new reality
a sphere of perfection
Another way through to something new.
Of course you scare me to death
with the liberties you take
But now your safely dead your resurrection
Here on earth knows no bounds
The usual irony.
The work,the body all those clues
Waiting for assimilation.
The language bitten to the core
With revelation where no time is
Hot or cold never lukewarm
A plague on all their houses
And if you knew the murderous ecstasy
Of Russ where nothing can be learnt
Still you went back to kinship
Them! In spite of the odds.
Your treasure cave awaits
We can survive with that
And reach your heaven-the invisible world.